

From the Soviet Embassy in Canberra, diplomat and Russian secret police official Petrov disappeared, seeking permission to remain in Australia. And his wife left the suburban home which they had shared, to return to Russia. On the night she was leaving Sydney a vast crowd assembled at the Airport --- men and women who were refugees from countries on the dark side of the Iron Curtain. ~~The crowd~~ was in an ugly humour and fire hoses were run out in readiness. Officials from the Russian Embassy were there to make sure that Mrs Petrov, would not fail to start her journey back to Moscow. Second Secretary Kisliatskyn in the light hat; --- and couriers to act as escort. ~~But~~ *And* once again the name of Petrov was on the front page of the newspapers --- with this grim picture.

In the fitful, shifting light of arc lamps on the tarmac --- in the ^{uncertain} dusty radiance of ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ the political limelight --- Mrs Petrov was taken through a protesting human sea --- ~~to the waiting~~

Crowds tugged at the gangway and ^{the} guards as Mrs Petrov --- now semi-conscious --- was borne up into the airliner. In the melée she had lost her shoe --- but the couriers ^{had} carried her on.

During the flight from Sydney to Darwin, arrangements were made to find out whether Mrs Petrov wanted to go or to stay --- and she wanted to stay. ^{But} in the uncertainty, a roar of anger rose ^{up} from the Sydney crowd.